COMIC CUTS 2D.

A FULL RATION OF HOLIDAY FUN!

[No. 2,721.]

SAMMY AND THE SHRIMP GET THE MATES A CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

[August 14, 1943.]

1. "King Kabonga has invited us to tea," announced Salty. "So make these sheets into fancy robes, and hurry up!"

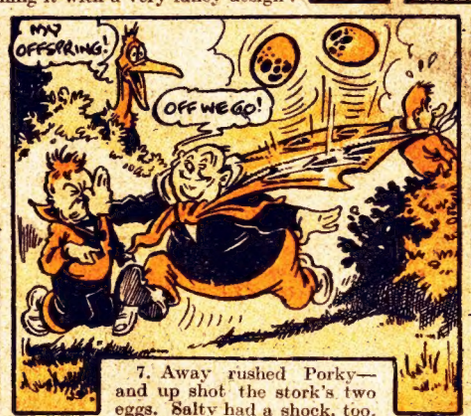
2. Well, Sammy and Shrimp took the sheets and some pots of paint ashore and proceeded to do their best. They were getting on quite nicely when a stork strolled up, giving Shrimp an idea.

3. They got the stork, who was a friend of theirs, to dip his feet in the two pots of paint.

4. Then they told him to trot all round the edge of the sheet, thereby adorning it with a very fancy design!

5. Up came Porky, who thought it was a lovely robe. He bagged it before Salty saw it.

6. Shrimp helped him put it on. But Sammy was dressing Salty up at the same time, using the other end!

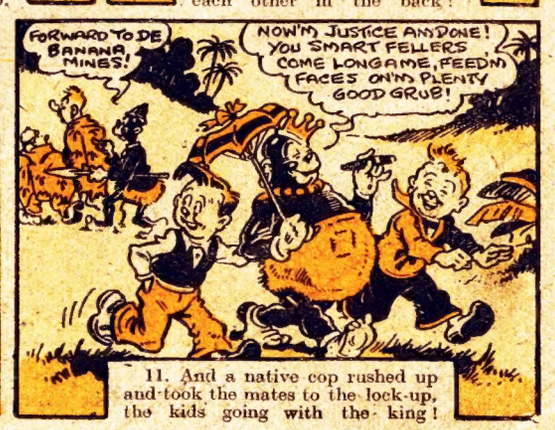


7. Away rushed Porky—and up shot the stork's two eggs. Salty had a shock, too.

8. Then both mates received a nasty jar when they banged each other in the back!

9. The eggs had come down and crowned them. While they looked round for the kids, along came—

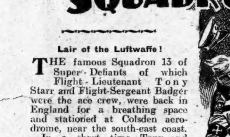
10. King Kabonga, who took them for escaped convicts. He yelled an alarm.



11. And a native cop rushed up and took the mates to the lock-up, the kids going with the king!

Another thrilling adventure of our famous R.A.F. chums!

SECRET SQUADRON!



Lair of the Luftwaffe!

THE famous Squadron 13 of Super-Defiants of which Flight-Lieutenant Tony Starr and Flight-Sergeant Badger were the ace crew, were back in England for a breathing space and stationed at Colsden aerodrome, near the south-east coast.

In a short time Tony and Badger began to chafe, and suggested one stunt after another in the hope of getting into action again. Their requests were not granted, but this August afternoon, when low cloud-banks hid the sun, their spirits were sky-high on learning there was a special job for them.

They agreed promptly on receiving the message, and without waiting to learn the nature of the task. The "All clear" had just been given after a sharp hit-and-run raid on a coastal town by four of the new Voss-Vespe fighter-bombers, claimed by the Germans to be faster than Focke-Wulfs. But this raid gave the pair no hint of the amazing mission they were to undertake.

Orders were for them to report to Squadron-Leader Miles, and on crossing the tarmac they saw him standing by one of the powerful Staff cars. He signed for them to hurry, and they broke into a double.

"Hop in, chaps!" said Miles curtly. "I'm taking you for a ride!"

"Here! What's cooking?" Tony demanded. "Aren't we going to fly the Skull?"

Their senior bustled them into the car, and the R.A.F. driver started the clutch and headed toward the aerodrome's guarded gates.

"No," he said; "you're going to fly a Voss-Vespe."

Tony and Badger stared in utter astonishment.

"You're joking, sir!" Tony grunted.

"If there's any joke in this," retorted Miles grimly, "it'll be on you! Voss fellows have kept pestering the C.O. to let you go stunting, and now you can have a handful—in a Jerry aircraft. A Voss-Vespe has made a forced landing near the Royal Engineers' camp at Carringham, and repairs are being made to the controls. If the R.E.s have done the job you can take-off without delay!"

"Where for, sir?" asked Badger breathlessly.

"To Belgium," the squadron-leader told him. "The C.O.'s plan is for you chaps to take the place of the two Jerry airmen, Lieutenant Zoller and Sergeant Gruntz, who were bagged by the troops before they had time to destroy the plane."

He produced and unfolded a map of the Belgian coastal region.

"Some miles south of the market town of Elmont," he resumed, "is the airfield used by the Voss-Vespes commanded by Kommandant Dortmann—these new fighter-bombers still called 'the secret squadron' by the Luftwaffe chiefs. Your job is to race over there and ground the main hangar and any planes that happen to be in it."

"This is the cake!" Tony exulted. "I suppose the captured V.V. will be racked up with bombs to do the trick? We'll go in low and lay the 'eggs' neatly on—"

"Just a moment, old son," interrupted Miles. "This stunt isn't cake with cream on it, as you think. You won't see the hangar from the air, and there's no question of dropping bombs, anyway. It's hidden deep under the ground, and you'll have to land the plane, take it inside the hangar, and explode the whole contraption on a time-fuse."

Tony and Badger looked dumbfounded.

"I thought that would shake you, my lads!" chuckled the squadron-leader. "Now you're thinking that it's taking the place of Zoller and Gruntz you'll be recognised by the Huns and shot out of hand. But else you'll be with the explosion even if you succeed in getting the aircraft into the hidden hangar. In the circumstances it's right now that there is a sporting chance of success in spite of the hazards. The C.O. has had telephone-wires over the telephone from the Engineers and has taken everything into account, and, considering the damage he has made, plans for your disguise and for your escape."

As the car bowled swiftly between the green hedgerows, he explained in detail. It appeared that the captured Voss-Vespe had developed a fault which caused a residue of lubricant oil to spray jhinly in the cockpit and fuselage. The faces, hands, and flying-rig of the German pilot and rear gunner had been grimed with it when they were captured. So Tony and Badger would be "grimed up" before the flight and made unrecognisable.

They were to land on the Luftwaffe airfield near Elmont with the Hun machine loaded with explosives. Three of the V-V raiders would have returned by then, and their own excuse for delay was to be a forced landing in a lonely part of Essex where they had managed to repair the controls. After setting the time-fuse to destroy the underground hangar, they were to make their way to Elmont and report to a Belgian patriot, Monsieur Fernand.

"Monsieur Fernand is a timber merchant," stated Miles in conclusion, "and he keeps in secret contact with Belgians on this side of the Channel. He's already helped some of our airmen to escape from the Continent after they've been shot out. Trust him to do his best for you; the tough job will be for you to avoid being caught on your way to him. You'll be given the flying-rig of Zoller and Gruntz and some Belgian peasants' clothes to wear underneath. Several Belgian refugees are living at Carringham, as you know, and all arrangements between me and the phone. Is everything clear?"

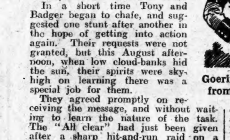
"Perfectly," grinned Tony. "This should be quite a feur!"

The car swung through a gateway of a field and parked near some Army lorries. The captured fighter-bomber was in the middle of the pasture-land, surrounded by officers and men of the Royal Engineers. The pals drew on the grimy flying-suits, and had their faces smudged over with dark oil for additional disguise.

"No thousand pounds' weight of T.N.T. is in the plane," remarked an R.E. officer. "The time-fuse is wired to a small brass lever beside the pilot's seat. You've only to push the lever down, and in five minutes there'll be an explosion big enough to lift the Riechstag into the air!"

They clambered into the Voss-Vespe plane, and both examined the cleverly-placed explosive and the means for detonating them. There was enough petrol in the tanks for the flight, and they had the Germans' own loaded revolvers in case of need.

All was ready. Tony set the powerful engine roaring and taxied round into the wind. Squadron-Leader Miles and the Engineers raised their hands in salute, and Tony's V.V. bomber swept off the ground en route for the German drome in Belgium.



Goering's medals and buttons, ripped from his tunic, rained in a shower!

The Deadly Visitor!

WITHOUT difficulty Tony located the town of Elmont and the German airfield within a few miles to the south. A few hangars and workshops were in the open, but the great hangar that housed Kommandant Dortmann's squadron could not be detected from the air. But Tony knew the rough position, and from the papers seized from Zoller and Gruntz.

Neither he nor Badger spoke lest their voices should betray them. Tony kept control officer over the short-range radio telephone. Fluent in both French and German, he had an advantage over the sergeant, who, in the task ahead, would have to remain mute.

He looked down as the bomber neared the airfield and peered down from the cockpit. A parade was being held on the German airfield—Hechel-haas and the position of some motor-cars parked in a space behind the workshops. A couple of officers stood by.

Receiving permission over the radio phone to "come in," Tony lowered the machine's nose and manipulated the control-stick. The plane glided down sweetly into the wind, and he had the vison of many upturned faces watching the belated arrival.

With fine judgment, considering his lack of practice with the V-V machine, he made a three-point landing and looked anxiously for the entrance to the underground hangar. If he were to land on the airfield and German mechanics took charge, the whole dare-devil plan would fail!

But, to his itense relief, he saw a German mechanic fluttering a black-and-white flag in the high, fenced by a grassy slope. Part of the fence rolled aside—a huge steel door adroitly camouflaged—and a gaping cavern yawned before him.

Palpitating with excitement, Tony taxied the Voss-Vespe bomber into the opening and down a broad slope illuminated by wire-encased electric lamps. And there, deep under the ground, was the lair of the Luftwaffe's "secret squadron"!

Eleven new Voss-Vespe planes were ranged in the giant hangar, safely protected from the largest bombs that might be dropped through the sky. Only half a dozen German mechanics were on duty, and Tony rightly judged that the rest were on parade with the others of the aerodrome staff. He applied the brakes and brought the bomber to rest; then a glance back toward Badger he snapped over the small brass lever to operate the time-fuse detonator.

"Ach, you are late, mein herr," exclaimed a N.C.O. present as he and Badger scrambled out. "What was the trouble, hein?"

"You will learn soon enough!" rasped Tony in German, imitating Zoller's guttural tones. "I have made a report by telephone to Elmont, and the Herr Kommandant will see you and these other pig-dogs. Get out! Go to the office of the Herr Adjutant to await him."

The dismayed mechanics dropped their spanners and other tools, and clattered up the long concrete slope with Tony and Badger, grimy-black of face, trudging hard at their heels. Luckily the men feared they were in for trouble owing to some defect in the machine they had neglected.

Once inside the open, the German sergeant and his comrades went clumping away at the double towards an office building. Tony and Badger only followed them for a short distance, and then made in the direction of the parked motor-cars. But suddenly they were brought to a halt, chilled in every vein, by the appearance of a procession of German officers who came marching stolidly from between two of the aerodrome buildings!

At the head of it was the kommandant, and by his side a huge man whose Luftwaffe tunic was ablaze with medals and ribbons. The astounded pals recognised the latter at once from the many pictures they had seen of him—for he was none other than Marshal Goering!

"Leutnant Zoller!" boomed Kommandant Dortmann. "So you and Gruntz have got back safely, hein? We feared the pig-dog Englanders had shot you down."

Tony and Badger snapped up their arms in Nazi salute.

"N-nein, nein, Herr Kommandant," Tony stammered. "We had bad trouble and landed for quick repairs. We were fortunate to take-off before the Englanders could get us."

The commander of the V-V squadron strode forward, a puzzled look on his face. He was about to take Hermann Goering to task for the rebellious tone of his ground hangar, but something in the appearance of the grimy airmen struck him as unfamiliar.

"Phew!" breathed Badger. "It's time to log it!"

But Tony knew that the motor-cars were guarded, and a good start was needed for a successful escape. A sudden dash away at this critical moment in the presence of the great Marshal Goering would bring a bombshell about their ears. If only he could bluff it out for another half-minute or so!

And then, earlier than expected, came a thunderous explosion from within the hangar, and a blast of air swept like a hurricane over the drome. The kommandant and several officers dropped flat on their faces, and the medals and buttons of Marshal Goering, ripped from his tunic, rained in a shower of metal over the ground!

"Donner und blitzen! Der teufel! Was ist los?"

But Tony and Badger did not wait to explain what it was! The Germans would soon find out for themselves in the wreckage of planes and equipment in that shattered underground hangar! They dashed off at top speed in the confusion, dodged some sentries running from the car park and leaped into the Marshal's own big, powerful machine.

In another few moments the pals were outside the drome gates and racing on the road to Elmont. Behind them from the outskirts of the town Tony steered into a by-way and abandoned the borrowed car within a few minutes of the wood. He and Badger discarded their grimy Luftwaffe flying-suits, and proceeded hurriedly on foot in peasant clothes to the home of Monsieur Fernand, who, after satisfying himself as to their identity, gave them sanctuary while the baffled Germans searched in vain for their trail.

Under cover of night the Belgian patriot and two of his sons led them to his timber yard. There they removed boards from one of the stacks in a drying-shed and revealed a small aeroplane with folding wings in a large crate.

"This little aircraft was built by my sons," explained Fernand.

They pushed the plane quietly to a field behind the mill, and extended the wings. It was fuelled and ready, and Tony and Badger took their seats in it with expressions of gratitude for the help of the gallant Fernand and his sons. A few minutes later they took-off through the swirling mist and headed out across the coast for England and home.

(Next Friday week's thrilling story is of our gallant Merchant Navy heroes.)

14-8-43

NEEDED A RISE!

Office Boy: "Oo-er! A stamp is going down my throat! How can I stop it?"

Boss: "Don't worry, I'll stop it—out of your wages!"

THE GRASS CLUE!

Daylight Robbery!

THE day was hot and sultry, the sky overhead was a misty haze of blue, though away in the far distance loomed an ominous gathering of black clouds.

"Looks like a thunderstorm coming up," said Kenton Steel, sitting at the wheel of the open two-seater he was now using.

"You're right, chief," replied Nutty Brown, his young assistant, seated beside him. "But it's moving slowly, and I think it'll be some time before it reaches us."

"And by then we shall be under shelter," said Steel. "Only another mile or so to go now."

But hardly had he uttered the words than the car engine suddenly faded and then stopped entirely. With a grunt of annoyance Steel hopped out to see what was wrong.

Ten minutes' inspection and effort showed him that the trouble was beyond him to put right; it meant the finding of a garage. Fortunately, a village, some quarter of a mile ahead, and Steel and Nutty pushed the two-seater along to it.

The village boasted a small garage, with a solitary man in charge. He, too, examined the broken-down car, gave his verdict, and informed Steel that pressure of work—an urgent job he had to finish first—prevented his putting the detective's car to rights straightaway.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped!" said Steel resignedly. "So long as the car's put right for our return to town later, that's the chief thing. Meanwhile, I'll be up to Nettleton Grange on foot. Nutty, and leave you here. Bring the car along when it is ready, unless it happens to be finished with Mr. Gretton before then. In that case I shall return here."

"Very good, chief," said Nutty.

With that, he remained behind, whilst the detective continued on foot. He passed through the village and then trudged along a winding country road for a quarter of an hour or so.

At last he reached his destination, a medium-sized house standing well back from the road, with the name, Nettleton Grange, painted on its gateposts.

Steel strode up to the house, rang the bell, and in a few moments the front door was opened by a middle-aged domestic. She showed him through to a room where Steel found his client waiting for him.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Steel," said Mr. Gretton, a keen-faced man, prematurely grey, as he advanced with outstretched hand. "Very good of you to come all this way to investigate this mysterious and unfortunate business!"

"You've been robbed, you told me on the phone," said Steel, as he sank into the depths of a big easy-chair.

"That's right," agreed Gretton. "The sum is nearly two thousand pounds in treasury notes has disappeared. It was money I drew from the bank this morning to pay the salaries at my works."

"Were they all pound notes?" Steel broke in to ask.

"Yes. And for that reason they will be practically impossible to trace," replied Gretton. "They were all of different serial numbers, and had already been in circulation."

Steel nodded, and listened intently as his client proceeded to tell him all he knew about the disappearance of the money, which was very little indeed.

"I sent Rogan, my chauffeur and general handy man, to the bank this morning to cash the cheque, as I was too busy to go myself," he said. "He returned with the money, which I counted and put in that drawer over there. It was my intention to take the money along to my works this afternoon and hand it to the cashier to put into the employees' pay-packets for to-morrow. But then, about 3, I went to the drawer to take the notes out, they'd gone, every one."

"And you locked the drawer?" Steel asked.

"No, I hadn't," confessed Gretton. "It may seem silly to you, but I draw this amount of money every Friday morning and always put it in that drawer till the afternoon, when I take it to the works. It's in my own house, so I never dreamt for a moment it would be stolen—not in broad daylight, anyway."

"Did your man Rogan see you put the notes in the drawer?" Steel inquired.

"Oh, yes, and he's often seen me put money there before. He was the reply. "I frequently send him to the bank to draw the wages when I'm unable to go myself. But I wouldn't suspect him for a moment. He's been with me for some nine months now, and is a very good, conscientious worker."

"I see," said Steel thoughtfully. "Then there's the middle-aged, very respectable-looking woman who opened the door to me. Who else have you here in the house?"

"Only my wife, and she's out to-day on some committee work," was the reply. "It's my own opinion that somebody broke into the house and stole the money. I can't think of any other solution. After all, it would not be difficult, there are plenty of doors and windows open on a hot day like this."

Steel crossed to the drawer from which the money had disappeared and pulled it open. After examining it intently for some time, he bent down and put his face quite close to it.

"You put the notes in the drawer yourself, you say?" he suddenly said, swinging round on his client.

"That's right," agreed Gretton.

"And Rogan went out of the room?"

"He did, and went about his duties," explained Gretton. As a chauffeur he has very little to do with the car these days, owing to restrictions. But he's handy in the house, and in the garden, too. I always finds plenty to occupy his time one way and another."

"Has he been in this room since he handed you the money?" inquired Steel.

"Not to my knowledge," was the reply. "He's had no occasion to do so, as I always rake them if I like to ask him yourself?"

"I should," said Steel.

So Rogan was sent for. He proved to be a stockily built man of about thirty-five. He stood just inside the door, looking from one man to the other.

"Tell me, Rogan," said Steel, "have you been in this room since you gave the notes you fetched from the bank to Mr. Gretton?"

"Er—no, sir—not till this minute," replied Rogan.

And you heard nothing suspicious while you were engaged in your household duties?" continued Steel.

"Well, not exactly, sir," replied Rogan. "As a matter of fact, while I was trimming the lawn, a seedy-looking man poked his face over the hedge and asked if I could give him a meal. I told him to be sheer off, quick."

"I see," said Steel. "Well, thank you, Rogan; that's all for now. Mr. Gretton will no doubt show me over the house, should I require it."

But at that, Gretton regarded his watch with an anxious frown.

"I should like to do that, Mr. Steel," he said hurriedly, "but, as a matter of fact, I have to go over to the works at once. I shall not be very long away, and in my absence, if you will excuse me, Rogan could attend to anything that wanted."

"Very good," said Steed, with a smile. "That will suit me equally well."

Out of the Storm.

TWO minutes later Mr. Gretton had left the house, and Steel spoke to Rogan.

"All right, you need not wait," he said smilingly. "I will ring for you if I want you. I prefer to be alone now while I make a few investigations in this room. I think I've already discovered an important clue to the thief."

"You—you have, sir?" cried Rogan. "I say, that's jolly quick work!"

He stood there rigid for some moments till Steel reminded him of his request. With that, Rogan muttered an apology and went out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Heedless of the terrific downpour, Nutty attacked the window catch.

Steel crossed to the drawer and noisily pulled it out again. Once more he bent and peered closely into the interior.

"Yes, there's no doubt about it," he exclaimed loudly. "He took the notes right enough. Now it only remains to find where they are hidden to prove his guilt."

Turning away, Steel stared intently round the room. Against the opposite wall was a bookcase, a big easy chair drawn up right in front of it so as to obscure from view half its contents of books and volumes.

Frowning thoughtfully, Steel dropped on his knees in front of the bookcase, and again his keen, penetrating eyes made a minute examination. A grunt suddenly escaped the detective.

"More evidence!" he exclaimed aloud, picking up something from the floor.

Then he started to pull out the books one by one and run rapidly through their pages. Another grunt broke from him as out fluttered several pound notes.

"That's solved the whole problem!" declared Steel. "Got thief and hiding-place of the booty, too!"

With that he opened more and more books, and from each fluttered a shower of pound notes. The mystery of their disappearance was solved, the case was finished.

But not quite. For although Steel did not hear him, a man was tiptoeing across the carpeted room, one hand grasping a heavy short piece of piping.

He brought it crashing down on the kneeling detective's head. With a low moan, Steel sagged sideways and lay an inert, senseless heap on the floor.

When at long last Steel came back to life, it was to find himself propped up against the wall close by the bookcase. He quickly became aware of a throbbing head, and the knowledge that he was not only firmly bound, hands and feet, but gagged as well.

Nobody else was in the room, and everything was strangely silent. Suddenly that silence was broken by the boom of distant thunder.

More rumbles followed, together with vivid flashes of lightning in quick succession. The threatened storm had broken, and before long a terrific deluge was beating down.

Steel tried to struggle from his bonds, but in vain. His attempts to shout for help were stifled by the tightly drawn gag across his mouth. It seemed that he must lie there helpless till Mr. Gretton returned—and possibly he would be delayed by the terrific thunderstorm.

Meanwhile the thief, the man who had struck Steel down, was getting away with the spoils. The blow roused Steel to further and more strenuous efforts.

But those bonds declined to give, and he had to pause at last. The storm still raged, the gloom enlightened at every other instant by a vivid lightning flash.

And suddenly, by the gleam of one flash, Steel saw a splash of water in his pulses racing. Someone was peering into the room through the window. "I say, that's jolly quick work!"

It was Nutty Brown! And Nutty gaped wide-eyed when, by the same flash, he saw Steel's bound and gagged on the floor of the room beyond.

Heedless of the downpour which was soaking him to the skin, Nutty pulled out his knife, and with its biggest blade he attacked the window-catch. After a few strenuous moments he forced it back and shot up the window.

Two seconds later he was in the room, whisking off Steel's gag and severing the strands which lashed his wrists and ankles.

"Thanks, Nutty," smiled Steel, rising somewhat painfully to his feet. "What brought you here?"

"The car, chief," grinned Nutty. "It's been put right, so I brought it along as you told me. I've been ringing the bell, but got no answer. So I thought I'd stroll round the house—and a good thing I did so, or I'd never have seen you. What happened, sir?"

"Oh, the thief attacked me from behind whilst I was collecting the notes he stole," smiled Steel. "Now, I'm afraid, he's rather more, and no doubt gone off with the lot."

"Who was the thief?" asked Nutty.

"Why, Mr. Gretton's odd-job man, Rogan," replied Steel. "And a pretty crude job he made of it, too. A ship of grass in the drawer where the notes had been was the first clue. He'd been trimming the lawn this morning. I found more on the floor by the bookcase, which put me on the track of where he had hidden the money—in between the leaves of books. I doubt he thought the notes would be quite safe there till the hue-and-cry died down. That's the detective mind at its leisure—the books are all dusty and show signs of never having been touched or read for years."

"And he struck you down?" said Nutty.

"Yes, and now the thing is to find him before he gets too far," said Steel. "Ah, here's Mr. Gretton come back."

Steel's words came into the room next moment and listened in amazement to Steel's story of what had occurred during his absence. He was full of concern for the detective's damaged head, but Steel's only object was to free his hands on Rogan.

It was soon evident that the man had departed from the house and taken his things with him, as a search of his room proved. But Steel got on to the local police, giving them the facts and a description of the wanted man.

And before an hour had passed he was rounded up and safely lodged.

(Our famous detective solves another strange mystery in our next number.)

14-8-43

WADDLES THE WAITER
TRIPS UP A TRICKY TRIPPER!
BRING A LUNCH-BASKET DOWN AND PUT IT IN MY PUNT!
RIVERSIDE CAFE
YESSIR
LUNCH BASKETS 2/6 EACH
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! THAT WILL BE TWO AND SIX OR HALF-A-CROWN!
PUSH OFF, COS I'M GOING TO PUSH OFF!
OUCH!
COO! HE'S BARGED INTO OLD BILL THE BARGEE!
THIS WILL PAY FOR THE LUNCH-BASKET AND A TIP FOR MYSELF!
I'LL LARN YE!
HE SHAN'T WANT HIS LUNCH NOW SO I MAY AS WELL EAT IT!!
CHOP!!

Our waiter gave the customer a tip when he tried to push off without paying. That made him upset the burly bargee, who made him tip out his loose change.

PLUM AND DUFF, THE BOYS OF THE BOLD BRIGADE!

BAZAAR
TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T FIT IN A BAG! IT WON'T GO IN MY POCKET!
STUFF IT UNDER YOUR TUNIC! WE'RE LATE FOR PARADE
WILLY CHEAP BARGAIN TICKERS SKINNY TO BAGGY

1. Plum had just bought an alarm clock cheap at the bazaar, but had nothing to wrap it in. Duff told him to put it under his tunic and hien...

2. They scuttled off, not wanting to be late for parade. "Medical inspection you!" snorted Suet. Plum clicked for spud-peeling duty, too!

3. Well, our bold boys fell in smartly and lined up before the M.O. When his nibs sounded Plum's chest, he heard the ticking of the alarm clock!

4. So, convinced that Plum had got a severe attack of the collywobbles, he excused him all duty for the time being. The boys were delighted.

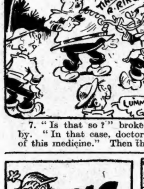
5. But when Suet saw Plum produce the clock from inside his tunic, he pounced on it, saying that he'd borrow it to get excused duty as well.

6. And a few ticks later, Suet was lined up in front of the M.O., who proceeded to get the O.K. for sound. "I'm very queer, sir!" said Suet.

7. "Is that so?" broke in Bogey, standing by. "In that case, doctor, let him try a dose of this medicine." Then there came a loud trill.

8. The alarm was going off! That startled the doctor, needless to say. But when the spring burst forth and the clock smote him—that did it!

9. Bogey had the medicine tipped down his own neck. So he and doc. chased Suet who had anything but a day off. How the boys chortled!



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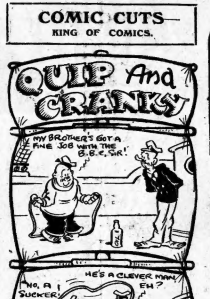
2. Then she fixed up a diving-board and invited our commandant to stand by and watch her do a spot of fancy diving. So Marcus tried to help her.

3. Yes, he tucked our rubber play-ball dam, and as soon as it was full of water, off the deep end. "Watch closely!"

WADDLES THE WAITER
TRIPS UP A TRICKY TRIPPER!
BRING A LUNCH-BASKET DOWN AND PUT IT IN MY PUNT!
RIVER SIDE CAFE
YESSIR!
LUNCH BASKETS 2/6 EACH
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! THAT WILL BE TWO AND SIX OR HALF-A-CROWN!
PUSH OFF, COS I'M GOING TO PUSH OFF!
OUCH!
COO! HE'S BARGED INTO OLD BILL THE BARGEE!
THIS WILL PAY FOR THE LUNCH-BASKET AND A TIP FOR MYSELF!
I'LL LARN YE!
HE SHAN'T WANT HIS LUNCH NOW SO I MAY AS WELL EAT IT!!
CHOMP!!!

Our waiter gave the customer a tip when he tried to push off without paying. That made him upset the burly bargee, who made him tip out his loose change.


COMIC CUTS
KING OF COMICS.
QUIP And CRANKY
MY BROTHER'S GOT A FINE JOB WITH THE B.B.C., SIR!
NO, A SUCKER!
HE'S A CLEVER MAN, EH?
HE SUCKS ORANGES
TO GET THE STEPS FOR THE TIME! SIGNAL!
CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYBODY GOING TO BED WITH THEIR SHOES ON?
WELL, MY OLD MAN'S DONKEY DOES!

P.C. PENNY Our Bright Copper
ROPES IN ANOTHER BAD LAD!
I WISH I COULD FIND 'EM!
LOST LADY LAPDOG'S JEWELS
PROMOTED HERE, SCRAW!
THAT MEANS THE SPOT!
YOU CAN'T DIG FOR TREASURE HERE, MY LAD!
YIM! FUNNY COP WHO'S DIGGING FOR WORMS!
OW! THAT'S GIVEN THE GAME AWAY!
COO! LADY LAPDOG'S JEWELS!
NOT SO FAST, LADDIE!
HERE IS THE NOOSE—AND ITS P.C. PENNY PULLING IT!

Penny thought he had put his foot in it when a bad lad gave him a push and he unearthed the stolen jewels. But after dropping him a line he clicked.

PLUM AND DUFF, THE BOYS OF THE BOLD BRIGADE!

2/6 EACH
TOO BAD THEY CAN'T PUT IT IN A BAG!—IT WON'T GO IN MY PACKET!
STUFF IT UNDER YOUR TUNIC!—WE'RE OFF TO PARADE!
FALL IN FOR MEDICAL INSPECTION—AND YOU'RE LOOKING PEELING PUTTY, PRIVATE PLUM!
M.O.!
PHEW! SOUNDS LIKE A COUGH OF THE COLLYWOBBLES!—YOU'D BETTER TAKE A REST!
PRIVATE PLUM IS EXCUSED FROM DUTY, SIR!
GIMME! I'M GOIN-TO TRY THAT DUTY DODGING STUNT!
PLEASE SIR! I'VE GOT THE COLLYWOBBLES TOO! OOH!
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
I WAS A LOUD RING!
WHAT'S THIS DOOR OF THIS DOOR?
PING!
CLOD!
LUMME! THE ALARM'S A-GOING OFF!
CRIKEY!
NOT A BAD RUNNER FOR AN INVALID, EH?

1. Plum had just bought an alarm clock cheap at the bazaar, but had nothing to wrap it in. Duff told him to put it under his tunic and then...

2. They scuttled off, not wanting to be late for parade. "Medical inspection you!" snorted Suet. Plum clicked for spud-peeling duty, too!

3. Well, our bold boys fell in smartly and lined up before the M.O. When his nibs sounded Plum's chest, he heard the ticking of the alarm clock!

4. So, convinced that Plum had got a severe attack of the collywobbles, he excused him all duty for the time being. The boys were delighted.

5. But when Suet saw Plum produce the clock from inside his tunic, he pounced on it, saying that he'd borrow it to get excused duty as well.

6. And a few ticks later, Suet was lined up in front of the M.O., who proceeded to get the O.K. for sound. "I'm very queer, sir!" said Suet.

7. "Is that so?" broke in Bogey, standing by. "In that case, doctor, let him try a dose of this medicine." Then there came a loud trill.

8. The alarm was going off! That startled the doctor, needless to say. But when the spring burst forth and the clock smote him—that did it!

9. Bogey had the medicine tipped down his own neck. So he and doc. chased Suet who had anything but a day off. How the boys chortled!

BIG BEN AND LITTLE LEN, THE LARKY LADS!

NO! IT'S WASTE OF MONEY!
BOATS FOR HIRE 2/- PER HOUR
SWAN
NOW DON'T BOTHER ME FOR A BIT—I WANT TO BE ALONE, LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE ON HIS ISLAND!
YOU MEAN GRETA GARGOYLE!
HUH! PA WANTS TO BE ALONE ON AN ISLAND, DOES HE
OH NO!
AN ISLAND IS A PIECE OF LAND SURROUNDED BY WATER—HERE COMES THE WATER!
SILLY OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE!
ONLY ONE THING TO BE DONE! PA—THERE'S US, A COUPLE OF BOB AND WE'LL HIRE A BOAT AND RESCUE HIM!
HELP!
YOU CAN TAKE RAMBLING ROSE!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OH, JUST ROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE, PA—WE'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE WAY BACK!
HOP ABOARD, PA—WE'VE STILL GOT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE OUR HOUR IS UP!

1. "Say, Pa!" piped Ben. "How about having a boat out for an hour?" But Pop wasn't falling for that, declaring it was sheer waste.

2. "I want to spend a quiet hour!" he warbled, dropping into the deck-chair. "Like Crusoe on his island, I want to be alone."

3. With that, he got on with his book, thus leaving the lads to enjoy themselves as best they could. Well, Ben suggested a jolly lark.

4. "If Pa wants to be alone on an island, we can help him," he tootled. And he and Len dug a trench round Pa, then let the briny run in.

5. "Yah! Look at old Robinson Crusoe!" bawled Ben, disturbing Pa. And when he saw the state of things, he went all goofey.

6. "I'm cut off by the *tide!*" he howled. "I'm surrounded by water! Get me out of this, boys!" "That'll mean a boat!" shouted Ben.

7. There was no help for it, and Pa tossed two shillings across. Whereupon the lads raced up the beach and quickly hired a boat for an hour.

8. Jumping aboard, they pushed it out to sea with Ben at the oars. There was poor Pa, waiting to be rescued. The lads let him wait.

9. Yes, they rowed right round the lighthouse and back before bothering about rescuing poor Pa. So they had their hour's boating after all!

BIG-HEARTED MARTHA Our A.R.P. Nut

HEY, FATTY! QUIT PLAYING BALL AND FILL THOSE RUBBER WATER DAMS, I'M GOING TO DO A BIT OF FANCY DIVING IN IT!
THE NERVE OF IT! YESSIR! I'VE FIXED THE PLANK SO THAT I CAN DIVE INTO THE DAM! I'M GOOD, I AM!
GOODNESS! AS THE GOOD THEY'LL CALL THE ELEPHANT!
AH! A SWALLOW DIVE!
SPLOOSH!
SEE, MARTHA? THE BEACH BALL CAME IN HANDY, DIDN'T IT?
ON THE WHOLE, I THINK SO!

1. We were enjoying our holiday at home until Lena, the old spoilsport, got officious and ordered us to get the hose out and fill a rubber water dam.

2. Then she fixed up a diving-board and invited our commandant to stand by and watch her do a spot of fancy diving. So Marcus tried to help her.

3. Yes, he tucked our rubber play-ball under the dam, and as soon as it was full of water, Lena went off the deep end. "Watch closely!" she cooed.

4. Of course, our commandant was delighted with the performance until next tick Lena hit her head on the submerged ball, doing a wonderful come-back.

5. And as she planted her trotters in the jolly old commandant's face, our chief was more impressed than ever. "Bravo! That's some feat!" I cried.

6. Then just as I was wondering how she had come to do such a clever dive, Marcus let me into the secret. Lena dropped in for it.—MARTHA. 14-8-43

P.C. PENNY
Cut Bright Copper
ROPES IN ANOTHER BAD LAD!
I WISH I COULD FIND 'EM!
PROHIBITED AREA SCRAM!!
LOST LADYLARDOR JEWELS
THAT MARKS THE SPOT!
YOU CAN'T DIG FOR WORMS HERE, MY LAD!
YOW! FUNNY COP! WHO'S DIGGING FOR WORMS?
OW! THAT'S GIVEN THE GAME AWAY!
COO! LADY LA'DOE'S JEWELS!
NOT SO FAST, LADDIE!
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ROVER JOE

A Cowardly Rogue.

HUMMING cheerfully, Rover Joe jogged through the moonlight towards Nogales town, two miles away. But when suddenly he suddenly broke the quietness, his mood changed to alertness in a flash.

"Hey, what's comin' off?" he murmured as the sudden sharp roll of horses' hoofs sounded ahead. There came a distinct cry of alarm as Joe sent old Sleepy spurring round a bend.

Fifty yards ahead, in the moonlight, two masked riders had savagely attacked an old man mounted on a mule.

Already the bandits had beaten their victim out of the saddle, and one man was busy robbing him, while the other remained astride on guard.

"Hey, you polecats!" Joe roared.

A yell of terror burst from the bandit on horseback, who seemed suddenly petrified. But the man on foot snarled. Making a tigerish leap at his horse, he half-pulled the animal round to serve as a shield. At the same moment he opened fire at Joe, just as the latter let drive.

Whang! With terrific force, the robber's bullet hit the high crown of Joe's saddle, then ricochetted upwards. It raked Joe's arm and knocked the gun from his grasp. At the same instant the robber's horse galloped off in panic and was quickly lost to view.

Staggered by pain and shock, the little adventurer pitched heavily out of the saddle. He struck the ground hard, then fairly bounced to his feet again, savage as a wildcat. Fiercely he snarled out his other arm, as the terrified volley shattered the bandit's nerve.

Hit twice by Joe's merciless shooting, the horseless robber moaned and dropped his gun. Then, spurred only by the instinct to escape, he ran steadily back to his mounted confederate, who seemed too terrified to take part in the fight.

"Move up! Make room—for me!" gasped the wounded robber, clawing blindly at the rider's stirrup-iron. And the next instant Rover Joe witnessed a deed which made his blood boil.

For the mounted rogue whipped out a gun at last—then crashed it down on his comrade's head! And, as the fellow collapsed in his tracks, the treacherous coward wheeled and fled, with Joe's hat bullet whistling past him.

"Thunderin' Sambo! Of all the yellow cusses!" gasped Joe.

The fleeing bandit, swinging his horse pell-mell into the scrub, vanished like a shadow. All there were left were the robbers' victim and the rogue who had been deserted. Joe stumbled forward, nursing his wounded arm.

Whilst he was doing so, shouts rang through the moonlight. Then a patrol of ten thundered three riders, cowboys who had been attracted by all the shooting. They saw Joe and the two men on the ground.

"Hey, there, what's all this? Git yore hands up, stranger, pronto!"

"Aw, lay off!" rasped Joe. "You guys are too late, 'cos the jasper you want is right away by now! I'm just the poor mutt who butted in on this robbery! Ain't that so, old-timer?"

Swiftly Joe shot the question at the old man on the ground. He had recovered sufficiently to open his eyes.

"Yes, you tried to save me—I'm obliged!" muttered the old chap—and promptly swooned off again.

"Why, dawggone, this is poor old Bill Brown, the nester from up Cold Creek way!" remarked one cowboy. "Fancy any coyote beating and robbing a decent, harmless old guy like him!

Stranger, we're glad you got one o' those snakes, anyway! Let's look at him!"

Roughly they jerked the mask off the fallen bandit, then stared with startled eyes at the pale, wolfish face.

"Know him?" one asked softly at last. "Boys, this is that slinky jasper, Mex Barton, who's always hanging around town! Looks to me like he's due to cash in!

"Fat lot I care, 'cept that he's a witness against that coyote who ran off, and left him!" one man growled. "Even a crook ought to stand by a pal, and when I find that skunk I'll skin him! Gimme a hand with my arm, boys! Then we'd better take the whole shooting-match along to yore sheriff!"

The cowboys tended his arm and made it more comfortable. After that they carried old Bill Brown and the unconscious bandit into Nogales.

"Pronto" Preston, the sheriff of Nogales, proved to be a tough, elderly man, with a quiet manner and quick, shrewd eyes.

"You did a big job, Rover Joe—bigger'n you know, I reckon," he commented, after hearing the story. "This guy, Barton, won't be much good to me—it'll be days before he can speak, even—but I'm pulla round.

"But we've had a lot o' rotten and mysterious affairs lately—robberies in the town and outside! I aim to stop it! What was Barton's confederate like, did you see? Was he, for instance, wearing dark, kinda o' loose-built and lanky?"

Rover Joe nodded.

"Yeah, that describes him, sheriff! I always take a good look at any hombre I mean to shoot, and I shore meant to shoot that one before he lived! Was he was a tall, willowy, floppy sort o' no-good, wearin' a black sombrero, dark blue shirt, buttoned high at th' neck, and brass spurs. I reckon, too, his saddle was made in Montana or one of them Northern States, with a deep-forked cantle. Do you know the rattlesnake?"

"Yeah, I know the young toad!" the sheriff growled. "I've suspected him for some time, for he was often seen with Mex Barton, and now your tally cinches it! That second bandit was young Al Kitson, old Jerry Kitson's nephew."

"Who!"

Rover Joe's voice rapped like a gunshot, so sharply that the sheriff blinked in amazement.

"Old Jerry Kitson," I said. He owns a little hoss-ranch here. Why, do you know Jerry?" asked Sheriff Preston, and Rover Joe's face turned oddly pale.

Old Friends Meet.

SHERIFF PRESTON gazed curiously at his shaken visitor, and wondered what had upset Joe so suddenly.

"You know Old Man Kitson, don't you?" he repeated; and Rover Joe nodded heavily.

"Yeah, I know Jerry, sheriff—known him for years. An old trail-mate o' mine, one of many and one o' the very best. We fought Indians at once in the Comanche war, with me stuck full of arrows! I ain't seen him for years, though. In fact, I didn't hear he was dead."

"Well, he ain't," said Sheriff Preston quietly. "And you're right, Jerry Kitson is a good man. The trouble is, though, he hates me like poison! I reckon it's on account o' his no-good nephew, too!

"Else, Joe, this Al Kitson is bad medicine. He's a shiftless pup who tries to act tough, but ain't got enough nerve. Twice I've run Al Kitson out of town, but he's been good, one month I caught him cheatin' at cards again and gave him a dose o' jail.

"But it's no use. He's still the apple of his uncle's eye, and all Jerry Kitson thinks is that I've got a down on his nephew. He's even swore to shoot me if I jump on young Al again. Old Jerry's shorely declarin' war."

"Old Jerry always was a loyal, stubborn bullhead," Joe murmured sadly. "Gosh, this is a nasty one. I suppose there ain't no doubt in yore mind about Al Kitson being the yellow bandit you want?"

"None whatever now!" replied Preston decisively. "For some time young Al has been thick with Mex Barton, who's a real bad man, and now yore story clinches my suspicions. I'm sorry, Joe—because I like Old Man Kitson, too. But his nephew is a rat, and I'm goin' to nail him for keeps!"

He stood up, absently patting his gun. And to his surprise, Rover Joe came painfully to his feet at the same time.

"Aw, now, you don't need to trouble yoreself any more, Joe," said the sheriff tactfully. "You've got a bad arm, and——"

"I'm coming," interrupted Joe in a flat dull voice. "I never thought I'd meet old Jerry again like this, and—well, I shore ain't looking forward to it. But I swore I'd catch the cowardly skunk who robbed an old man and then double-crossed his own crooked pard. I'm coming, shore enough!"

"You crook. You've been trying to fix young Al for months!" he blazed.

Escorted by a sheriff's deputy, they rode quietly through the night to Jerry Kitson's ranch. It was a neat little place, with shade-trees ringing the buildings and clean-bred horses asleep in the corrals. The house itself seemed asleep, for the front was all in darkness.

But when the Law party prowled round the back, a light from the kitchen struck their eyes. Sheriff Preston strode to the back door.

"Open in the name of the Law!" he cried, and thrust onwards into the lamplit kitchen.

A grizzled, weather-beaten man, in shirtsleeves and slippers, sat at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper.

In general appearance, Jerry Kitson was very like his old friend Rover Joe. He had the same stocky build and quiet, keen eyes. But his eyes blazed savagely at Sheriff Preston. The evidence next instant into blankest amazement when Rover Joe entered, one arm in a sling.

"What does this panther tracks!" gasped Jerry Kitson. "It's you, Joe—Rover Joe! Boy, I—I never expected to see you to-night. What you been doin' by yoreself, Joey? And what the heck does this coyote sheriff want?"

"I want your nephew, Alfred Kitson, on a charge of robbery with assault," the sheriff replied quietly. "Al tried to rob Bill Brown to-night, in company with Mex Barton."

"And you're a doggone liar!" blazed Jerry Kitson. "Yeah, you can glare at me, Preston, but I ain't frightened. You crook, you've been tryin' to fix young Al for months. You've had a grudge against my nevvy from th' start!"

"Chuck it, Jerry!" Rover Joe cut in. "Listen, old son. I never told you a lie in my life, did I? But I'm tellin' you now that your nephew is a precious young skunk, and I can prove it—much as I hate th' job!"

Briefly Joe recounted his adventure with the bandits, and Jerry Kitson listened to his old friend with painful intensity. There was doubt and even fear in the old-timer's expression when Joe finished.

"So that's how th' cards fall, Jerry, true as th' fact that you once saved me from bein' scalped and tortured by the Comanches!" Rover Joe concluded. "Where's your nephew now?"

"He's—gone!" Jerry spoke thickly. "He came back here from town ago. Took my fastest hoss an' some grub, then lit out for Nevada and——"

"Listen!"

Again Rover Joe cut in, this time so sharply that the command seemed to freeze every man. There was not a sound until the little wanderer spoke again:

"Jerry, yore nephew is hidin' in that big cupboard behind you, and he's so feat-struck he's fair panting with fright!" Joe said evenly. "You've forgot I always had good ears, Jerry. Sheriff, get that young toad out o' the cupboard."

"You bet!" snapped Pronto Preston, and took a stride forward.

But before he could make a second move, old Jerry Kitson shot to his feet. Two old long-barrelled guns gleamed suddenly in both his hands.

"I'm shootin' the first man who moves," he said in a thin, icy voice. "O.K., Joe, you've betrayed my secret—and I was a liar when I said Al had gone! But no one's goin' to drag my kith and kin to jail! You'll warn him come and get him—in the smoke!"

"You ain't shooting no one!" breathed Joe, and thrust his own body against the muzzles of the guns.

They bored deep into his chest as he pressed against them. With his eyes locking against Jerry Kitson's, he slowly forced him backwards.

And with that the cupboard door burst open!

Leaping from the room, gun in hand, leapt young Al Kitson; and now he was that most dangerous of all men, a coward at bay. He screwed up his nerve to desperation! The gun roared. Rover Joe fell heavily to the floor.

Then, with smoke curling from its muzzle, Al Kitson turned that same gun on his own uncle.

"You fool!" screamed the panicky youth hatefully. "Why didn't you shoot that little cuss yourself? I was goin' to talked out into stayin' here when I wanted to bolt, and now, you old rat, you've got me caught! I'm goin' to shoot th' bunch of you now, and——"

Old Jerry Kitson's right-hand gun flicked suddenly across his chest, swift as a rattler's swish. There came a flash, a roar, a piercing cry.

Next instant Al Kitson was tottering pallidly against the wall.

"All right, sheriff, you can take this young coward now!" gasped Jerry Kitson, with a terrible pause. "I've been a blind fool too long, I guess! Here's right, sheriff. He's a yellow no-good, and I know it now!"

Sheriff Preston shook his head.

"I ain't jailing the pup, Jerry," he said. "All I am doing is to warn an outlaw right now! Al Kitson, take yore hoss and git out of Colorado! If you ever think to show yore face, you'll be shot like any other outlaw!"

Al Kitson went. He was never seen in Colorado again. And the uncle who had defended him with such foolish pride fell desperately on his knees.

"Joey boy, where did that ugly hit you?" panted the old-timer. "Aw, gosh, why did you shove yoreself against my guns? Supposin' I'd ha' pulled trigger——"

"Then I'd ha' punched you smack on the nose!"

Rover Joe opened his eyes.

"You old coon, your nevvy didn't hit me—but he shorely clipped my scarf, so I thought I'd play dead before he saw his mistake!" he grinned. "Jerry, it sure needed a shock to open yore eyes! But yore troubles are gone now, so shake hands with the sheriff, 'cos he's a great guy!"

(Joe has another rousing adventure in our next number.)

14-8-43

Our Three-Column Comedy!

THE JOKER!

After Dark.

THREE young men were comfortably ensconced in easy-chairs in the smoking-room of the Coddleton Social Club. With legs sprawled out, they languidly watched the smoke from their cigarettes slowly waft its way to the ceiling.

Suddenly the door opened and another young man entered. Instantly three pairs of eyes were fixed upon him, and then followed three low groans.

"Wow! Here's that insufferable bore and swankpot Percy Pottinger!" said one young man named Wally Wopton. "If there are two people on earth who get me down, he's both of 'em!"

"Same here," added Tim Tompkins. "In my opinion he wants taking down a peg or two, and you ought to be the one to do it, Wally. You know what an expert leg-puller and practical joker you are."

"If I could take him down a peg or two, I'd like nothing better," declared Wally. "But he's coming across to join us, so pipe down!"

Next moment the newcomer, Percy Pottinger, was beaming down at the three seated young men.

"Hallo, chaps!" he greeted cheerily. "You look very comfortable and pleased with yourselves. Heard the news?"

"We switched it on at six o'clock, but there wasn't any to speak of," replied Wally.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" said Pottinger quickly. "I meant my own news. You've often heard me talk of my rich uncle, haven't you?"

"Yes, too often!" murmured Wally.

"Well, would you believe it?" Pottinger went on, "after several years without our ever having met, I've just had a letter saying that he's coming to pay me a visit to-morrow. So you can guess how excited I am."

"Yes, and how excited we're not," purred Wally under his breath.

"D'you know, he's never visited us since we moved into our present house, Rose Villa, in Ditchem Avenue," Pottinger went on. "He's asked me to meet his train—the eleven fifty-six—but I can't do that, Ditchem Avenue's worrying. He only needs to ask his way to Ditchem Avenue—anybody will tell him that. And he won't have any trouble in finding my house, because the name, Rose Villa, as you know, is on the gate in large letters.

"I'm looking forward to the old boy's visit, and, as he's so well off, I ought to click."

Properly wound up, Pottinger continued to hold forth about his rich uncle and his forthcoming visit, till the other three felt like screaming out. At long last he dried up and went off.

"Wow! He's the biggest bore ever met!" gasped Tompkins.

"And the biggest wanker!" added Wally. "I wish to goodness I could put one across him and cure him of it!"

"Well, as you're such a practical joker, perhaps you can think of something," said Tompkins.

"And if you do, and it's a success," added the third man, Jimmy Johnson, "we'll stand you a feed."

"Good-oh! That's a bet!" toopled Wally. "Leave it to be and I'll think out something good."

With that he proceeded to rack his brains for a wheeze. Suddenly his brow cleared as an inspiration came to him.

"I've got it!" he tootled. "You heard Pottinger say he would not be able to meet his uncle, who would have to find his own way to Rose Villa, which he's never visited before?"

"Yes, he certainly did say that," agreed the other two.

"Right-ho!" gurgled Wally, warming up. "Then it would be rather sy if I met the old lad and took him to the wrong house, wouldn't it? And that's just what I'll do!"

With that, he launched into details of the scheme he had thought of, and his two companions clapped him heartily on the back at the finish, telling him that his idea was a real corker.

"I'll meet you here to-morrow night, chaps, and tell you how it worked out," said Wally. "Meanwhile, I'm off. So-long!"

With that, he took his departure and made his way straight home. There he waited till past eleven o'clock. Then he went out again, and this time he made for Rose Villa in Ditchem Avenue, where Percy Pottinger lived.

Percy was evidently in bed when Wally arrived, for the place was in complete darkness. Wally halted outside the gate and grinned.

"All clear!" he murmured. "So now to get to work. First, I take this name-plate off and fix it on the empty house at the end of the road. That's where I'll leave uncle to-morrow, after I've met him."

Saying which, he flashed a screwdriver out of his pocket and started to remove the screws from the name-plate "Rose Villa" attached to the front garden gate.

The two screws on the right hand side were taken out after a bit of a struggle, for they had rusted in. Then Wally had a go at the pair on the other side, and a third screw dropped into his hand.

Only one more screw to remove, the top one, and the name-plate would be right off the gate. Grinning loudly, Wally twiddled that one around, and was getting on quite nicely when he had the shock of his life.

Out of the gloom a policeman had crept, silently and unsuspected. He was what Wally was doing and glared hard at him for some moments. Then he announced his presence by giving Wally a prod in the back.

"What are you doing there at this hour of the night?" demanded the man in blue in suspicious accents.

Wally gave a loud gasp, and his hat flew off his head when he saw the burly bobby. The screwdriver dropped from his hand and he felt his knees knocking together as though they'd got loose.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he gulped. "What did you say?"

"I asked you what you were doing there," repeated the constable.

Wally swallowed something hard about the size of a cod-steak at the back of his throat. He realised that what he was doing at the moment might be a funny joke, as far as he was concerned, but would want some explaining to a suspicious policeman at that time of night.

"Oh, yes, of—of course" he managed to stammer. "What am I doing, eh? Why, you've got eyes in your head, and a torch as well, so you can see what I'm doing, surely!"

He breathed noisily and tried to appear entirely at ease. The copper came a step closer and regarded him even more intently and keenly.

"I can see for myself eh!" he retorted. "Well, I'll ask you, I should say you're doing one of two things. Either you're taking that name-plate off, and intend to pinch it—in which case I shall pinch you—"

"Oh!" gulped Wally.

"Or else," the constable proceeded, "you are fixing it up because it's come loose. One or the other! Which is it?"

Wally felt his brain whirling, but he managed to control himself by a terrific effort and took the best way out of his dilemma, as he thought.

"You've got me rightly, constable!" he gulped. "I—I'm fixing this name-plate—it came loose and was hanging down all haphazard and anyhow. Looked most untidy, you know. I promised my wife I'd fix it up, and I was just going to do it when I remembered it. So I—I came out to do it, late as it is. You see?"

"I see," replied the bobby, nodding sagely. "Well, you get on with it, sir, and perhaps the light from my torch will help you."

Whereupon he shone his torch on the name-plate, and as there was no other way out of it now, Wally had to carry on and put the screws back.

"There you are," he said at last. "Thanks ever so, constable. And now I'll be getting along to bed."

"Yes, I expect you'll be glad to get to bed, and I only wish I was going to mine," said the bobby. "I'll see you as far as the front door."

To Wally's horror, he pushed open the gate and escorted the young man up the front path. Wally's feelings can be well imagined, in view of the fact that it was not his house at all.

"I—I say, I've done a silly thing!" he gulped. "I've come out without my key. But don't worry, I can easily get in at the back. Good-night!"

His frantic desire, of course, was to get rid of the policeman. But that worthy was not to be got rid of so easily. He promptly volunteered to escort Wally to the back of the house and see him safely indoors.

They found an unfastened window at the back, and Wally, making the best of a bad job, clambered through, saying good-night to the bobby, and hoping he's pop off.

Not till some minutes had passed did the constable go away at last. Wally breathed a huge sigh of relief.

But when he pushed up the window he found that it jammed, and he was unable to get out. That put him in a fresh fix, and after pondering matters he groped his way through the hall to make his exit by the front door.

Luck was still against him, however. He stumbled into a chair in the hall, knocking it over and falling himself with such a crash and din that he woke Percy Pottinger, asleep upstairs.

Then came rushing down, switching the lights on as he came, and found Wally frantically struggling to draw back the bolts of the front door. But although Wally managed to get out with a short lead, it was only to bump into the arms of the policeman who was still hanging around.

"Hold him!" yelled Pottinger. "It's a burglar—he's broken in!"

The policeman held Wally right enough, and that luckless joker realised that his plight was hopeless. He was dragged back into the house again like a prisoner of salvage.

"Good gooseberries!" gasped Pottinger, in utter astonishment. "Why, it's Wopton. What on earth are you doing in my house, old man?"

Poor Wally went the colour of several beetroots, and his face spread into a slow, lopsided, sickly grin.

"All right, I know when I'm whacked!" he spluttered. "I—I only wanted to have a bit of fun, that's all."

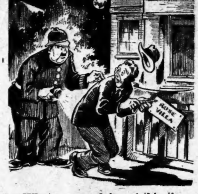
With that, he confessed what his real idea was, and by the time he'd finished he felt like a half-ration of spam left out in the rain.

But, to his surprise and pleasure, Percy Pottinger turned up trumps and forgave Wally everything. Not only that, but he cordially invited him to come along to the house the following evening with Tompkins and Johnson to meet his rich uncle.

The old boy was told nothing of Wally's escapade, and they all enjoyed a very merry evening.

(Another rollicking rib-tickler in next Friday week's number.)

14-8-43



"What are you doing at this time of night?" he demanded.

Face this paper towards a window

1. Spelling of word "CAFETERIA" is incorrect.
2. Portions of "HI, NO" "OUT" notices should be reversed.
3. Waitresses do not serve in Cafeterias.
4. Woman sitting at table has no chair.
5. Sergeant is wearing a civilian hat.
6. Woman eating has no plate.

ONE of the reasons why Ovaltineys are such happy, healthy, energetic boys and girls is that they drink delicious 'Ovaltine' every day.

When the weather is warm most Ovaltineys prefer to have their 'Ovaltine' mixed Cold. It is delightfully cool, creamy and refreshing, and is easily prepared by adding 'Ovaltine' to cold milk or milk and water, and mixing thoroughly.

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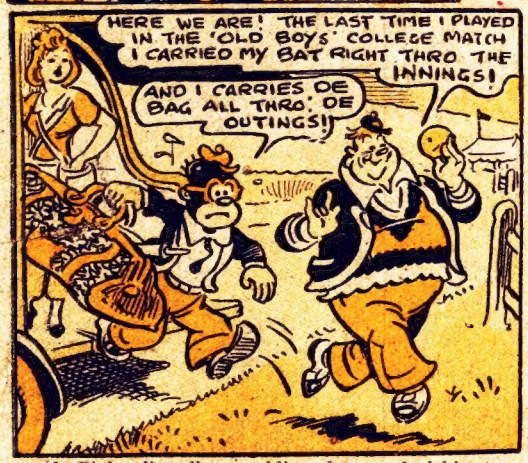
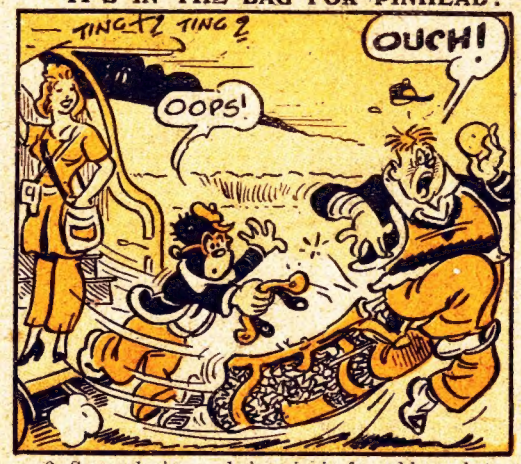
PINHEAD and PETE

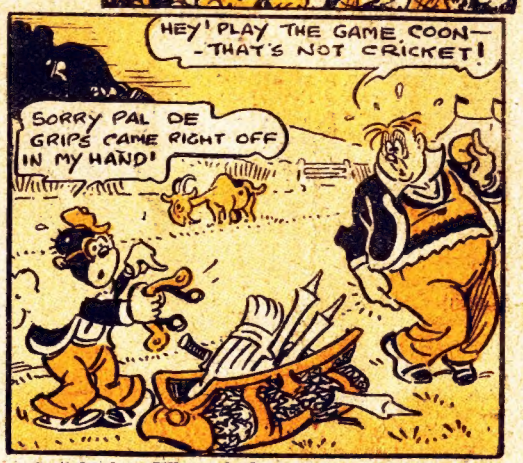
IT'S IN THE BAG FOR PINHEAD!


HERE WE ARE! THE LAST TIME I PLAYED IN THE 'OLD BOYS' COLLEGE MATCH I CARRIED MY BAT RIGHT THRO THE INNINGS!
AND I CARRIES DE BAG ALL THRO' DE OUTINGS!!

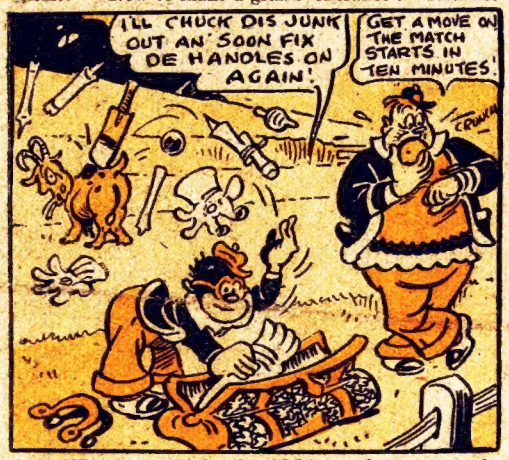
1. Pinhead's college pudding chums asked him to turn out for the Old Boys cricket match, t'other day, and as a 'bus passed the grounds, he arrived well on time. "Now to make a grand entrance!" said he.



2. So producing a choice pippin from his pocket, he strutted off the 'bus, swanking about his skill as a cricketer. But as Pete followed, swinging his bag, the handles came unstuck and ruined his stance.

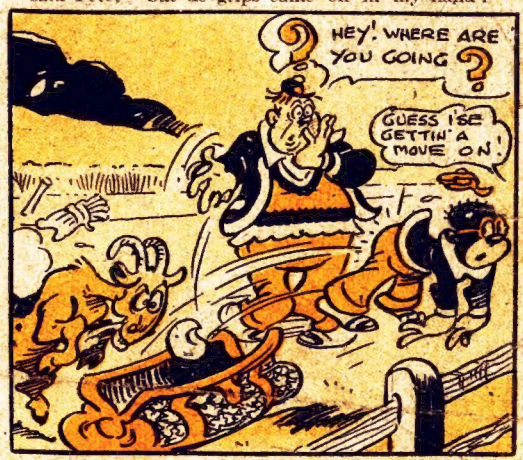


3. "Ouch! Who asked you to stump me, you clumsy coon!" hooted the big boy, rubbing that part of his person where it hurt most. "Sorry, pal," said Pete, "but de grips came off in my hand!"



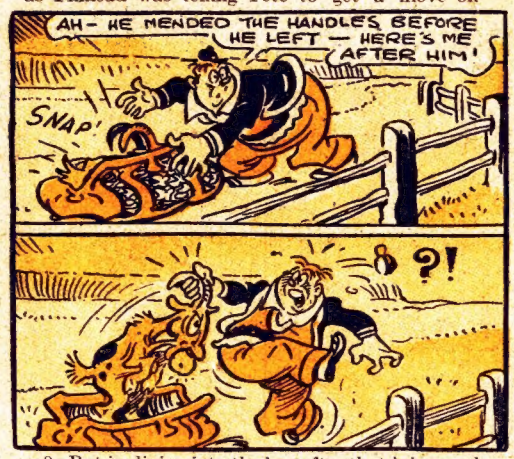
4. Whereupon Pinhead told him to hurry up and get things fixed so that they could carry on, while he enjoyed a little refreshment. So Pete quickly got down to the job and started emptying the bag.

5. Unfortunately a frisky goat was grazing near by, and thinking the coon was throwing things at him, he decided to get a little of his own back. Just as Pinhead was telling Pete to get a move on—



6. The goat came charging up and butted him to the boundary for six. "Hey! Come back! Wait for me!" spluttered Pinhead, dropping his apple in the excitement of the moment. Pete could not stop.

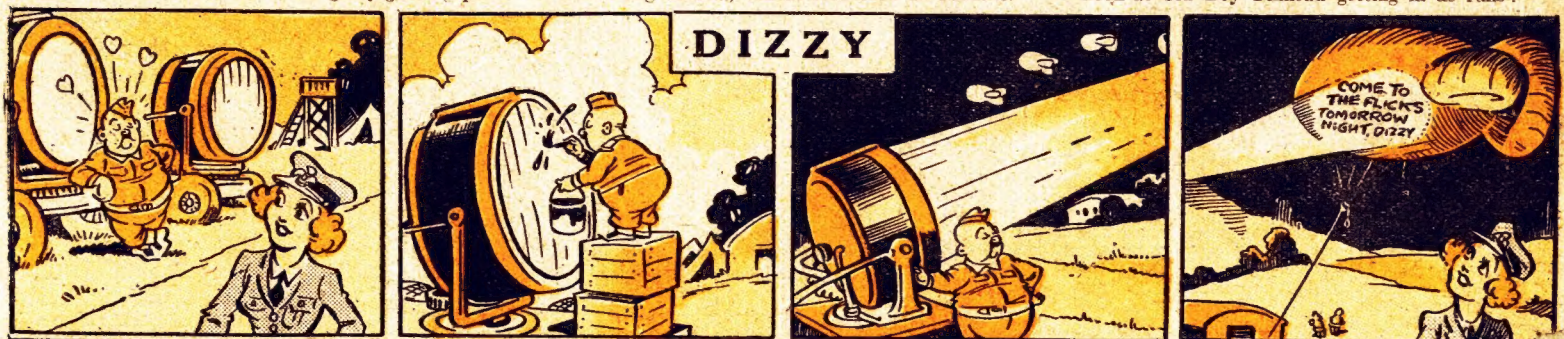
7. In fact, he flew through the air with the greatest of ease until he landed smack in the middle of the refreshment tent. The big boy was so busy watching him that he did not notice the giddy goat's caper.



8. But in diving into the bag after that juicy apple, the goat caused it to close over him with a snap. And when Pinhead grabbed his horns thinking they were the bag handles, well he soon knew all about it.

9. Two ticklets later he was making anything but a graceful entrance into his old college. "Har, har! I'se so glad I dropped in!" laughed Pete. "Look at Old Boy Pinhead getting in de runs!"

DIZZY



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